

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON

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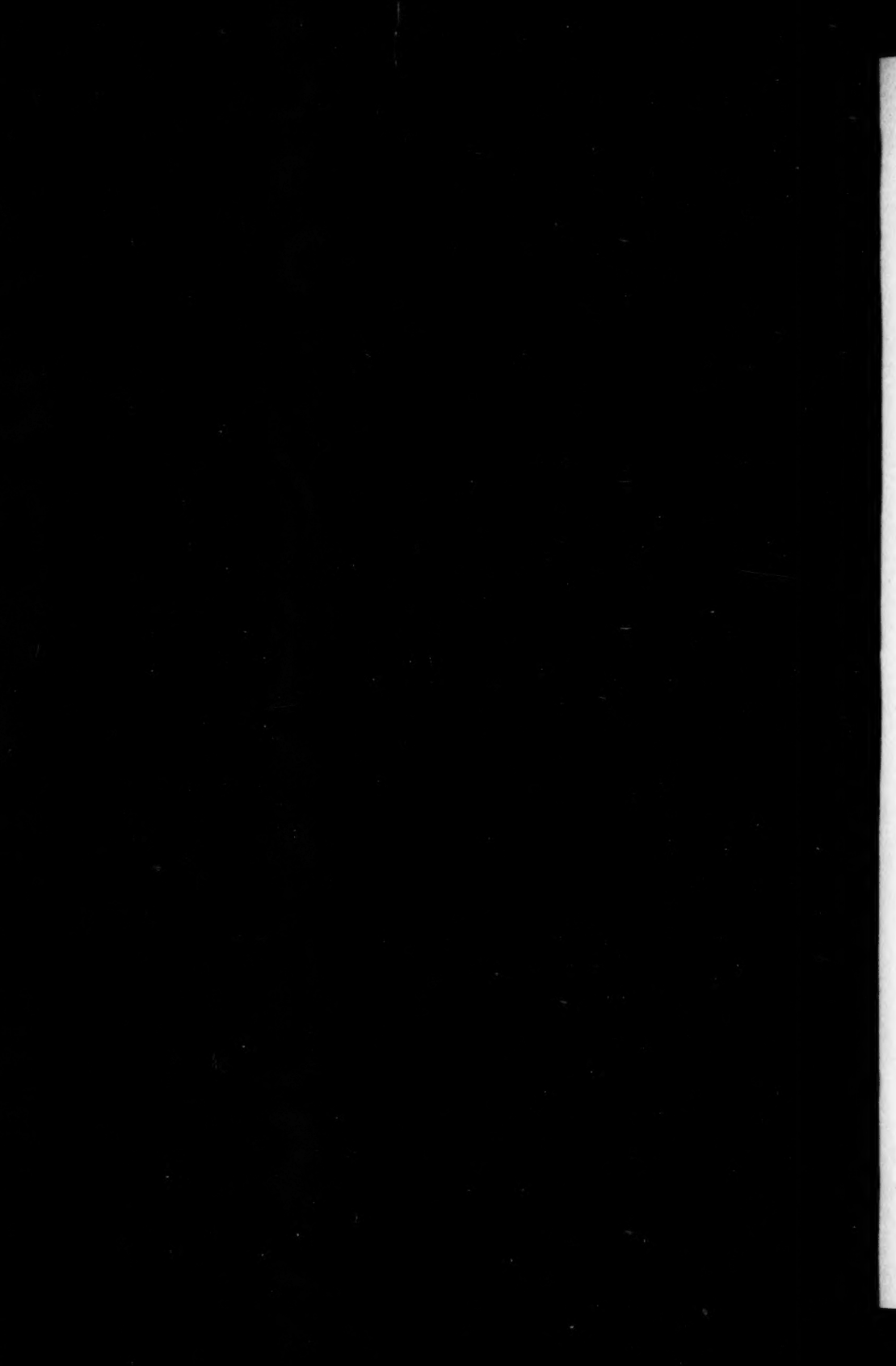
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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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AN OPEN LETTER. — I wish to call the attention of all persons who are in correspondence with the *editor* of the MISSIONARY HELPER to a change of post-office address. As I expect to be traveling as field agent under the auspices of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, it is important to have an arrangement by which my mail will be received and attended to promptly. I have therefore planned to have *an assistant* at Hillsdale, Mich., who will *know constantly* where I am, and who will either attend to the correspondence herself, or forward to me. It may seem strange to New England friends to send letters to me at Hillsdale, when I am working in New England. But a moment's thought will lead any one to see the necessity of a permanent address, and that letters from east and west will reach me more surely in this way. This arrangement does not make a personal change of residence, but is made to ensure accuracy in correspondence.

Please notice, however, that *no change* is made in the address of the *publisher*, Mrs. E. H. Andrews. Send all *business* correspondence to her at Providence, as before.

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EMELINE S. BURLINGAME,
Hillsdale, Mich.

LET US PRAY.

IF you read nothing else in this magazine, read this and then act.

The needs of our field in India are just now very great. Two valuable workers, A. B. Boyer and H. M. Bacheler, have entered eternal rest. Others are having their furlough in this country, helping us and receiving help for future usefulness. The ranks in the field are thus seriously depleted. There is need at once that workers be sent out and that our contributions be very largely increased.

In view of this condition it is especially appropriate that a *Day of Prayer* for our mission be observed throughout our whole denomination.

At the recent meeting of the Foreign Mission Board at Ocean Park, the last Sabbath in September was appointed for this purpose and a vote to approve and aid in its observance was passed by the Woman's Board.

This ought to be more universally observed than any previous day similarly appointed has been. In the past such calls have been recognized by but a fraction of our churches. This is wrong. In some religious bodies the observance of all such appointed days by a general harmonious response gives great results.

What is the object of this day of prayer? It is not, directly, money. It is to place us in harmony with God's plans and secure his guidance and aid in carrying out those plans. He has said, "*Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.*" We are responsible to him to bring to the people in a portion of these "uttermost parts" the light of the Gospel.

We are greatly lacking in workers and in money. What can we do so appropriately as to go in supplication to Him who tells us to "ask"?

Through the Christian Church in its various branches there

is throbbing an impulse to work more effectively for the salvation of the race. Let us not be behind. Although prayer, and not the collecting of money, is the especial thought for Sept. 27, yet we ought to pray mightily that we may know how to plan and give much more generously for God's work.

Bishop McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal church, says to his constituents :

"Money is the great question of the hour. Every prayer seems to be answered but the prayer for money. The doors of opportunity are opened. The laborers are ready for the harvest field. But by the very reason of our success every great cause of the Church is embarrassed for want of money. We make ceaseless and importunate appeals which seem to be successful, but we are not getting more than one-fourth as much money as we absolutely need.

"THERE MUST BE A REVOLUTION. Presiding elders and pastors must unite together to bring it about. Somehow we must drill the host — call into action every communicant and every friend of the Church for a world-wide movement to evangelize the world."

We suggest to Free Baptist ministers that they are equally needed to help bring every member into action.

We most earnestly urge our Auxiliaries to aid in making Sept. 27 a day long to be remembered as one in which prevailing prayer shall bring showers of blessings on our missionary field, and when a baptism of missionary spirit shall descend upon our churches.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

— Whittier.

RELATION OF WOMAN TO LIFE ABOUT HER.

BY NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB.

[Extracts from a paper read at Woman's Convention, Ocean Park, Aug., 1891.]

IT seems to me an abnormal state of things when either women or men are exclusively talked to or about. The present agitation of the "Woman Question," however, is a sign of advancement. Man has had his day in assured silence; now woman is having hers in protesting speech; to-morrow we may expect a better balance when we shall be nearer the thought of God, who regards soul, not sex. . . .

Womanhood's stamp and seal upon the life about her will be a personal one. This power has been much misunderstood and maligned; has been used for evil as much as for good. Let us consider what it has done in the past and what it ought to do in the future.

Notice the consummate tact of Esther. All the laws of the Medes and Persians frown upon her; sex and tradition hem her in. What weapon can *she* use? Nothing but a personality, keen as a Damascus blade. Only a brief time ago, the king put away the beautiful Vashti because she would not come at his bidding. Will he put away the beautiful Esther because she comes unbidden? Every step towards the climax of her undertaking is significant. She makes no haste. After three days of fasting, she is dressed in her loveliest and most royal robes and goes to the king's presence. Pleased with her beauty, he deigns to hold out the golden scepter which she touches, after the manner of a suppliant. "What wilt thou, Queen Esther? and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom." Now surely, she will fall before him and plead for the life of herself and her people. No, she merely invites him and Haman to a banquet which she has prepared for the king,—where, doubtless, are served all of his favorite dishes!—and to yet another. Not until then is his oft-repeated question answered, for she well knows the need of discretion and the power of properly prolonged curiosity.

When the time has come, how quietly Esther makes her appeal. "If it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition and my people at my request." There is no need of tears and entreaties. The situation has become sufficiently dramatic. The unconscious king blissfully being conquered, the pardonably wily queen, measuring every word and act, and that third one,—by what marvelous instinct did she invite him and no other,—to whom she now turns, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

Esther ruled more truly, tactfully, and royally than the king. He could not fail to respect her because she dared face his majesty and the inexorable laws for the sake of her people. She did it bravely and she did it *in a womanly way*.

The personality of Esther sweeps through graceful tact and simple charm; the personality of Aspasia through forceful intellect, always illuminated by her beauty. That was a rare woman who could gather about her the great orators, sculptors, poets, and statesmen of her day, not so much as lovers as admirers of her genius. We need not be skeptical that Socrates said, "I am her disciple," and it is undoubtedly true that her brilliant thought and sparkling conversation colored the public speech of Pericles. "He who will write with precision, energy, and vigor only," says Marmontel, "may live with men alone; but he who wishes for suppleness in his style, for amenity, and for that something which charms and enchants, will, I believe, do well to live with women. When I read that Pericles sacrificed every morning to the Graces, I understand by it that every day Pericles breakfasted with Aspasia."

The women of the French salons, of whom Madame Recamier is the most beautiful, although not the most intellectual representative, molded the political, literary, and religious or irreligious thought of the times to a remarkable extent. To them the men of letters read their histories, dramas, or poems, and attended to their criticism. There is hardly one of note to whom the name of some gifted woman is not attached as

literary adviser. Women everywhere were the power behind the throne.

"They form a kind of republic," said Montesquieu, "whose members, always active, aid and serve one another. It is a new state within a state; and whoever observes the action of those in power, if he does not know the women who govern them, is like a man who sees the action of a machine, but does not know the springs." . . .

Elizabeth, arbitrary, arrogant, self-willed, and vain, though sometimes yielding to the will of the people with a surprisingly frank generosity, yet exerted a marked influence beside that of scepter and crown. She impressed her forceful personality upon the sixteenth century, and her touch is still visible in religion, politics, learning, poetry, and the drama. When the bill was passed in Parliament, which vested in the crown the supremacy claimed by the pope, "Without any violence or tumult" says Hume, "was the whole system of religion altered by the will of a young woman."

But, you say, these women were queens of realms or of society, famous for beauty or wisdom. What have they to do with you and me, ordinary mortals of the nineteenth century? They used the same power that is given to all women, and they used it mightily, but the women of to-day may wield a far mightier power than did they of whom Esther, Aspasia, Madame Recamier, or Elizabeth are brilliant representatives; their personal power was human and self-directed. The personality of to-day, however crude, awaits the enkindling touch of the divine will to uplift and spiritualize it, no longer for the beguilement of men, or the gratification of selfish desires, but for the reclaiming of the world.

To say that the relation of woman to the life about her is a personal one is a true but very general statement. There will be as many expressions of that personality as there are women, and the human heart is a delicate instrument, made or marred by harmonious or discordant vibrations. The purity of tone of

a violin depends very much upon the skillfulness of the hand that has played upon it. The soul cannot entirely free itself from debasing influences, any more than the violin can quite recover from discordant vibrations, but the soul can choose its master. Will it then have other than the perfect One?

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY REV. ERNEST WESLEY.

Church of Christ, all glorious,
Surely shall be thine
Conquest full, victorious,
Through thy King Divine!
Fear not, faint not, knowing
Harmless hostile blow;
Christ, his strength bestowing,
Shall o'erwhelm the foe.

CHORUS.

Onward, ever glorious,
Strong in faith and prayer;
O'er thy foes victorious,
Every danger dare.

Hosts of God, awaken!
Heed His signal gleam;
Be all ties forsaken—
Dearest earth-born dream!
Battle line advancing,
Faith exultant, strong,
Never backward glancing,
Charge the opposing throng!—CHO.

Never thought of failing,
Never thought of dread,
Over all prevailing,
Flag of Christ o'erhead;

Victors pressing onward,
Victors glory-crowned—
Foes defeated, coward,
Sin o'erwhelmed, dethroned. — CHO.

Comes the brightest dawning,
Cometh endless day!
Breaks most joyous morning,
Earth-clouds rolled away;
Church of Christ ascending,
Jubilant with song;
Rapture pure, unending,
Shall to thee belong. — CHO.

THE KORAN.

BY MARY R. PHILLIPS.

MY DEAR SISTERS :—

How good it seems to be scribbling to you again with my dear old stub of a pencil !— so tiny, it seldom creeps out of the farthest corner of my pocket ; so willing, it puts down many an earnest heart-beat when there's no time for pen and ink.

How often I'm with you in spirit, and how hungry I am to see you face to face !—you who so firmly and lovingly held the ropes for me through many swift years.

Nothing in India ever interested me more than the Mohammedans, and to-day I have a pamphlet written by an Armenian Turk which I wish I could send you entire, but I quote all that the *HELPER* can receive. The author says :—

The Koran, the holy book of the Mohammedans, written by Mohammed himself, contains passages as excellent as other passages are absurd. Mohammed gathered these both from the Old and New Testaments, changed them at his will, added other passages of his own, and gave it as the Koran from heaven to his followers.

There are five fundamental principles underlying the Mo-

hammedan religion, and every believer is held to a strict observance of them ; namely,—

1. A belief of the heart, and confession of the mouth, that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God.

2. A daily five prayers, under which are the legal washings.

3. The yearly fast at its appointed time.

4. Alms to the poor.

5. Hajjaj (pilgrimage to Mecca).

Prayer is a Mohammedan's prime service from the cradle to the tomb, and invariably preceded by numerous ablutions, which do a threefold work in cleansing the body from impurities, freeing the person from all his iniquities, and completely purifying the soul and giving it peace.

He begins his prayer standing erect, facing Mecca, and after several prostrations with his face on the ground, he again stands and salutes the angels whom he believes are near. Men raise their hands as high as their heads in prayer, women only to their shoulders. The time of prayer is regulated by the sun. Much that is called prayer is not what Christians call a supplication to God, but a repetition of certain names of the deity. While counting his beads the Mohammedan says for every three beads, "God of no sin, thanks to God, Almighty God." He has a tradition that under the "wonderful tree of God" there flows a beautiful river, and when men repeat the names of God thirty-three times a bird dives into the water, and, immediately rising, spreads its wings and shakes them vigorously, and every drop of spray that falls from the bird's wings becomes an angel to petition God for the forgiveness of his sins.

This repetition of the names of God is a kind of prayer called *nemaz*. Besides this there are set forms of prayer for every condition in life, even for headache and toothache.

Women are never seen in a mosque, or Mohammedan church, with men, but a private one is set apart for them, and they say their prayers at home. During the services at the mosque, the

women do not see the Iman, or priest. He stands behind a curtain and reads to them.

The Koran is written in high Arabic, and in many countries only a few of the educated people understand one word of it. It is believed that the Koran is a book of Divine revelation. It existed in the seventh heaven. Gabriel brought it to the lowest, and from time to time revealed it to Mohammed in the Arabic language. Mohammed saw the Koran in the lowest heavens, bound in silk, adorned with gold and precious stones, before it was revealed to him. After Mohammed's death thousands of Mohammedans tried to translate it into other languages, but no equivalent words could be found. Christians have translated it into other languages, but its circulation is forbidden.

CORNERSTONE OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

Nemaz, or formal prayer, is the pillar of the Mohammedan's religion, the strength of his body, and the key to heaven. The rewards to those who say their prayers at the appointed five times daily are very great. Their sins vanish like the leaves from an autumn tree. In life they succeed in every undertaking. After death the angel Gabriel visits their graves, and at the resurrection day he will bear them on his wings to heaven, where seventy-two maidens of resplendent beauty await each man. A moment of pleasure will be prolonged a thousand years.

The punishments which await the unfaithful are correspondingly intense. Hunger, thirst, and disease will send them to untimely graves too small for their bones to lie straight. Here a giant will torture them with red-hot iron lashes thirty miles long until the resurrection, when Mohammed will look upon them in shame and sorrow, and upon their foreheads will be written, "Trampler of the right of God," and all their prayers will be filthy rags.

The next thing after the prayers is the yearly fast of twenty-nine or thirty days. Every Mohammedan in proper health, over fifteen years of age, keeps this fast, which continues from

the first appearance of the new moon till the next moon. (How I used to dread the Mohammedan fast in India because our servants were mostly Mohammedans, and they were so cross and unreasonable from fasting all day !)

Of late it is customary for the Sultan at Constantinople to telegraph to all parts of the empire the news of the new moon, and the next morning the government of each city fires cannons as a signal for the great fast to begin. All eating, drinking, and smoking are forbidden from sunrise till sunset, when the cannons are again fired, and feasting goes on till morning. A little before daybreak two cannons are fired and the fasting is renewed. During this fasting period of a whole month the disturbances and tumults are endured on the plea that hunger has made men, women, and children alike irresponsible for what they do. At the end of thirty days (in Turkey), telegrams announce the fast ended, and feasting all day and night begins.

The fifth, or the last, fundamental point of the Mohammedan religion is a pilgrimage to Mecca. The temple in the city of Mecca, which is called Mesjid-ul-haram, is the most celebrated of all the mosques. It is one of the most renowned spots on the globe. Five times every day, and this day, four hundred million eyes are turned toward it, and every year thousands of pilgrims cross the land and the sea that they may see this holy place. This famous temple contains seven or eight buildings, the most secret one (which answers to the Holy of holies in the temple at Jerusalem) is the Caabo, a square stone building in the center of the others. This is believed to be almost coeval with the world. God sent down to Adam on curtains of light its pattern, and to pray towards it is a great act of piety.

In the southeast corner of this room is the renowned black stone which once was pure white when it was sent down from heaven, but has become black with the sins of mankind which the pilgrim lips have left there. It is called "the right hand of God on earth."

MARRIAGE SECURES HEAVEN.

A word about marriage. Mohammed assures his followers that one marriage is better than a thousand years of worship, and that children are lights in the resurrection day. Many marriages enhance the glory in the other world. Women are inferior to men every way. The pleasure of a woman's husband is the pleasure of Allah, of God. He neither consults nor loves her. Girls are servants of Gotan. When one is born Gotan rejoices, saying, "Behold, another comes to aid me."

The first word spoken in the ear of an infant is a call to prayer. For four months into the babe's tender ears are repeatedly poured the words, "There is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God." The mother teaches her child to say grace when very small. Babies are not allowed to sleep on soft beds lest they become stupid.

On the resurrection day the immense crowd will render the heat very great, and little children will be seen distributing diamond cups of pure cold water from the river of Paradise. The unmarried will cry for this cool water, but the little ones will carry it to their parents. The children will lead their parents by hand into the kingdom of heaven.

It is said that a woman came to Mohammed, saying: "I am a very poor woman. I have never made a pilgrimage to Mecca; I have given no alms to the poor; I have not lived one happy day. My children have died. There is no peace for me on earth. What shall I do to possess eternal happiness after I am dead?" Mohammed replied, "Fear not, if you are the mother of children."

While this pen is lingering between these weak fingers I wish to call your attention to that last paragraph, "What shall I do to possess eternal happiness?" Thirteen hundred years ago the Mohammedan woman asked that question of her prophet. But he deceived her and she is still groping blindly on, asking, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Is it not

your privilege, my Christian friend, to tell her that only Christ can give her eternal peace and joy?

(The zenana customs of our own Indian field were drawn largely from the Mohammedans.)

“ONLY FATHER.”

Through the darkness of the night,
Through the silence and the gloom,
Came a child's low cry of fright.
She had heard within the room
Sounds she could not understand,
As of some one close at hand.

Then, from out the gloom one spoke,
And his voice, all soft and mild,
Confidence and joy awoke :

“*It is only father, child.*”

And the childish terrors cease,
Fear is changed to perfect peace.

So may we, but children grown,
When the thunders strike our ear,
And some terror dread, unknown,
Makes us aloud in fear —

We may hear in accents mild :

“*It is only Father, child.*”

— *Anna Temple, in Med. Miss. Rec.*

His Majesty the King of Siam has settled an annual allowance of £300 sterling upon three young boys until they shall be fourteen years of age. They are sons of the late Dwight Bradley, who was in government service in Bangkok, and grandsons of the early missionary, Dr. Bradley, of blessed memory. The king has also recently sent a gift to General Booth for the prosecution of his schemes in England. We take the greater pleasure in making these facts public, because the phrase “princely giving,” which is often inapplicable to royal families, has been characteristic of the throne of Siam. — *Ex.*

FROM THE FIELD.

A LESSON FOR ME.

BY LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.

CHRIST saw the man who was blind,
And gave him the power to see.
He looked for the good he could do,
In this is a lesson for me.

He walked to His work every day
(The Father who sent Him is Love),
With sometimes scarce leisure to eat;
His Father's my Father above.

He prayed to His Father and mine,
Was tempted and yet without sin;
He gives me the Spirit Divine,
Am I constantly holy within?

He tired and once fell asleep
In the boat, in the storm, on the waves;
They called him with words of rebuke,
Did He know not, or care not to save?

I tire, my hands fail me in work,
My heart shrinks from a censuring word;
Is the servant the Master above?
The disciple preferred to his Lord?

He died in the midst of His work —
His work that seemed scarcely begun.
"It is finished," He said on the cross;
My brief work should, too, be well done.

Mussurie, N. W. P. India, June 7, 1891.

GIVE not an hair-breadth of truth away; it is not yours, but
God's. — *S. Rutherford.*

DURGAMA.

BY L. C. COOMBS.

IT seems fitting that the story of Durgama, whose life went out so suddenly at our last Yearly Meeting, should have more than a passing notice, for she was one who had come from utter darkness and ignorance to be a shining example of the power of Christ to save. Her child-name was Piari, but a mother is often called by the name of her son till her own name is well-nigh forgotten. She belonged to one of the rude, ignorant hill-tribes, called Koras, living far from civilization.

Her father's first wife not having any children, he took another, as is often done, and Piari was one of the four children of this second wife. Her father's death was as sudden as her own, it would seem, for she has told us that he went to visit some relatives at a distance, and they heard nothing from him for a long time, till some one came from there and told them he was dead, that he had one day thrown himself on a cot, coughed a few times, and fell over dead. After this they were in extreme poverty, but the two wives lived happily together, for they loved each other, which is not often the case. In her own Christian life afterward she said, "I often think how ignorant and degraded we were, and then I cannot help crying when I remember that my mothers, who loved us so much and worked so hard to support us, have died just as ignorant of the blessed Saviour as they lived."

She was married when about twelve years old, but her husband died, leaving her a widow with an infant son. She says her husband's parents and all the family were very kind to her, so she got along much better than many widows do, and after a time was given to her husband's brother, and lived quite comfortably till the dreadful famine came. Then her "two mothers" starved to death, and her husband also, and she was again left a widow, with two boys — one about twelve, and the

other (Durga) nearly four years old. Now began the struggle for life in that famine-stricken home.

She tells of a temptation that came to her one day as she watched little Durga sleeping : " When I saw what a poor little, skinny, bony, diseased thing it was, I said to myself, ' I have already suffered quite enough for that child, I can't take care of him, and if I should he will never be good for any thing, and I shall not try.' So without saying a word to any one I got some tobacco leaf and ground it up fine and mixed it in water, intending to feed it to him when he should wake, for I knew this would kill him at once. As I sat waiting for him to wake, my brother came along and looked at him and said, ' Sister, this child looks bad now, but you must take good care of him and he may live to take care of you by and by.' This touched my heart and I threw the poison away, for I could not feed it to him then. How many times I have thought what a great sinner I was, for I was really a murderer, although God kept me from doing the dreadful deed ! A thousand blessings on his holy name ! "

She tried very hard to earn enough to feed herself and boys, but work failed, and hearing in some way of the relief works at Santipore, in charge of the senior Mr. Phillips, she took her children and started for there. Her mother-in-law, however, was opposed to their going among Christians, and, following them, took the older boy back, and the mother returned to get him. Three times she tried to get him away, but each time the grandmother would take him back, and at last Piari gave it up and came to Santipore with her little Durga ; but here so many poor people had gathered that each one could find but very little to do, and she said she was ashamed to go among the crowds of beggars who came every day to get a pice or two or a handful of rice.

Little Durga, however, had no such scruples, and would get a little daily, but not enough to feed them both, and just when they seemed on the verge of starvation, Mr. Phillips's attention

was called to Durga, and he was taken into the Mission School, and shortly after the bright little fellow got a chance for his mother to have regular work. In telling this afterward she said, "I was very glad indeed, but I was too ignorant and wicked to thank God for anything."

After Durga had learned to read he used to tease his mother to listen to his reading, but she was too busy and didn't care for anything of the kind, but one day he came home with a new book called "The Mirror of the Heart," in which the heart of man is pictured as full of all manner of beasts and creeping things, and Satan seated in the midst. Then the influence of Christ is pictured as gradually driving these out, and at last the heart is all light and Christ is on the throne. Durga told his mother she must look at these pictures, and explained them to her with boyish enthusiasm. This gained her attention, and she said when he told her about Jesus on the cross, and his praying to God to forgive his enemies, she couldn't help crying, and from that time wanted to learn more about Jesus. Durga was delighted that his mother wanted to learn, and brought her to Mrs. Phillips, who taught her of Jesus and his love and his promises to those who come to Him. She began to pray at home every day, but her heathen neighbors seeing this, said she was learning to be a witch, and began a series of petty persecutions. Here again Durga came to the rescue and told Mrs. Phillips of it, who, seeing her sincerity of purpose, got her a chance to live with Bai, a very earnest Christian woman, who had herself been converted during the famine, and whose intensely interesting history is told in the "Golden Sheaf," written by Mrs. Phillips. This sister took a great interest in Durgama, and daily read the Scriptures and prayed with her, and encouraged her to pray for herself and to attend the church services, and not long after she was received into the church.

The tribe to which she belonged had no written language, so she knew nothing of books ; but soon after her conversion

she wanted to learn to read, and, although at least thirty years old, she began to learn Bengali under Mrs. Phillips's teaching. It took months of daily, patient, persevering toil to master the strange characters and be able to read intelligently from the Scriptures, but Mrs. Phillips says one day when she had helped her read John 3 : 16, she was rewarded for all her pains in witnessing Durgama's joy as she exclaimed with tears, "Oh ! ma, how beautiful ! how beautiful ! I want to read it again !" and she read it and re-read it till she had committed it to memory.

She worked for Mrs. Phillips in the garden, in the field — anywhere — as a common day laborer, to support herself and child, but was always improving every opportunity to tell her heathen neighbors of the treasure she had found, and urging them to seek the same.

When the missionaries moved to Dantoon she went with them, and was soon given work with the Bible women as a chaperone and as a helper ; for, though uneducated, her testimony was always a convincing one. She afterwards went to Midnapore and was given charge of the unmarried school-teachers and girls in Mrs. James Phillips's care, going every day with some of them to their work.

Here Durga, now a young man, was married, and here he was attacked with small-pox and died. Her sorrow was great, but her submission, too, was complete. She always looked upon him as the means of her own conversion, and she felt that he had done a great work and she should be willing to let him go.

She was with Mrs. Phillips, Jr., for some years, and many of the teachers married and the few that were left were becoming old girls, so when Mrs. Phillips returned to America these few went to live with the few that had been in Mrs. Bachelor's care, and thus made one family, of which Durgama was the head ; and an unruly family it sometimes proved to be, for some of them were women grown, some were widows, and some were so

unkind as to taunt her with her lowly birth, and rebel at her authority; but she firmly and steadily kept on, true to her trust, though it caused her many sad, tearful hours. She would say, "Let them say what they will, I must look out for them and watch over them, for if I, through fear of their taunts, should let them follow their own way and they should fall into temptation and sin, I shall be responsible for their souls, and what answer shall I give in the great Judgment Day?" She had her reward, for not one of them went astray under her care and now they "rise up and call her blessed."

She went every day with one of the teachers as a protector, and to call the children of the school, and as she went from house to house she had a word of exhortation or of warning, or a bit of her own story, till she came to be known and respected throughout all that heathen neighborhood, and many called her "ma." Often she would go to outside villages with the Bible women, when her other duties would permit, and was almost sure to single out some one to whom her message was faithfully given.

During this time an orphanage had been developing at Bhimpore under Mrs. Burkholder's care—children left by their parents, or whose parents were too poor to feed them, or from heathen homes where no one cared for them. Mrs. Burkholder found them at last too many to care for without a regular matron, and so asked for Durgama to come and take charge of them. She was delighted to do this, and it proved a most happy arrangement. The children loved her and she loved them and took great comfort in "mothering" them, caring for their souls as well as their bodies, having her family worship with them, teaching them to pray, encouraging, rebuking, chastising, always with the same thought that she must give an account in the "great Judgment Day." Faithful, cheerful old soul! All too soon and suddenly she was called away from her little flock. She had taken a part of them into Midnapore to attend the Yearly Meeting, and in the morning prayer-

meeting while her head was bowed during prayer, we heard a strange sound from her lips and knew something was wrong. Kind, strong arms took her outside, and restorative measures were applied for a long time ; but she never opened her eyes or spoke again, and at last her labored breathing ceased. Some of the teachers who had been formerly under her care sat by her side all that day while preparations were being made for her burial ; others brought flowers and placed around her while their tears flowed silently, mingled with thoughts of regret and sorrow for harsh words spoken, and opportunities forever lost of showing kindness to her.

The grave was dug, the coffin prepared, and in the evening by the soft light of the full moon we laid her to rest,—Dr. Bachelier offering a prayer of thankfulness for the life so faithfully lived, and for the hope in her death.

NOT FOUND YET.

“WHEN the microscopic search of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpoisoned ; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone first and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical *literati* to move thither and there ventilate their views.” So spoke United States Minister Lowell at a meeting in London years ago ; and we have not heard that that ten square miles has yet been found. *It does not exist.*—*Med. Miss. Rec.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING.

SLEEP AS A RECREATION.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

"WHAT is your favorite amusement?" asked a friend of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. "Sleep," was the reply.

This answer, absurd as it may at first seem to us, has in it a germ of sound physiological truth, especially if we substitute the word "recreation" for "amusement." Recreation primarily means re-creation,—the creating anew. Bridget said that when she slept, she "paid attention to it;" and truly that sleep is the most refreshing and beneficial which engages the whole attention of every part of the organism, and thus becomes, for the time being, our occupation. There are too many who act as if they believed that every hour filched from sleep was a clear gain,—just so much time added to the working hours of the day. The endeavor to lengthen the day by curtailing the hours of sleep is on the same principle as the Irishman's attempting to lengthen his rope by cutting off the end to piece into the middle, and being surprised to find that at each splicing his rope grew shorter. The hours taken from sleep to add to the length of day shorten by so much the span of life.

Earthly existence is a continual struggle between life and death. "We die daily," yes, hourly, momentarily. Every deed, word, and thought destroys some tissue of the body; and in order to maintain perfect health these dead atoms must be removed, and replaced by new ones. We break down because reconstruction does not equal destruction; and it is in the "solemn hours of night," when the voluntary muscles are quiescent, and the involuntary muscles working more slowly

and with less vigor, and with longer intervals of rest, that the little brownies of our "earthly tabernacle" set our house in order, removing the debris which "life and thought" have made, and build anew the foundations of health and strength.

" Each day we live,
Each night we die,"

said the poet ; and this, like much poetry, contains only half a truth. Each day we live the life of mental activity, the life of conscious pleasure or grief ; but that life is physical death. Each night we die to the knowledge of our surroundings, to the remembrance of joy or sorrow ; and that death is physical renewal or life.

The famous bard has said that —

" Sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

But care does not ravel the life, it wears it out. It does not leave good material which has been once used, but is fit to be again incorporated into the life ; it leaves worn-out threads, frayed edges, holes, which must be patched with the new material furnished during sleep.

Sleep, that heels and toes the worn-out hose of care, would be a truer simile than that of Shakespeare, although not so poetical.

Nature is a careful housewife, and stitch by stitch she removes the worn-out web of life, replacing each by a new and strong stitch without knot or mark of joining. But if she is too hurried to do all her work well, or material is not supplied, she attends to the most important, that is, the vital ; and often great rents are made in the fabric before we are aware, even though it is through our own negligence or our ignorance of her needs.

A mistress once reprimanded her maid for late rising. " But, ma'am, I sleep very slow, and it takes me longer than it does other folks," was the explanation. No doubt the mistress

thought the reply either very silly or a clever evasion ; and yet it may have been absolutely true. We say, "My digestion is slow," or "I have a slow pulse," and there is no more inherent ludicrousness in the statement "I sleep slowly." Do we not say of one who is sleeping soundly, that he is "sleeping at the rate of ten knots an hour" ? Some people sleep much faster than others. The reconstructive process goes on more rapidly, and they awake each morning literally new creatures. Others whose vital forces are feeble, and work slowly, awake in the morning "as tired as when they went to bed." Their house of life has not been thoroughly swept and garnished. They are chained to the corpse of the dead yesterday, and, with Paul, may well exclaim, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Nature, if robbed of her rightful sleep, will some day take dire revenge. "Never mind," she says to herself ; "they think they are cheating me now, but I will take it out of their eyes, teeth, hair, and limbs ; and when they find themselves prematurely old, and their aches and pains are innumerable, they will learn that I have not been deceived. I have taken my pay with interest."

In children, the vital processes are all more rapidly conducted than in adults. They digest quicker and sleep faster. But it must never be forgotten that they need not only re-creation, but primal creation. Not only must waste be replaced by new material, but growth must be provided for. Therefore to stint the child of sleep is to defraud, perhaps to dwarf or deform it. The sleep of any one, but particularly of a child, is sacred, and should never be thoughtlessly disturbed.

It is said of the late Richard Wagner that when he and his family were at Baireuth, no disturbance of apartments was allowed ; but the moment they absented themselves, even for an hour, an army of servants swarmed through the rooms, sweeping, dusting, and renovating in great haste, that all might be pure and clean at the master's return.

So when the impalpable, intangible spirit which inhabits our

bodies relinquishes temporarily his command over them, the myriad of servants comprised under the name of vital forces take advantage of the opportunity to purify and renovate. These beneficent fairies should never be startled in their delicate and important task of removing the worn-out atoms of our foundations, and replacing them with a new masonry of molecules. Nor should the soul be suddenly recalled to a dwelling not yet made ready for its return. A stone may be removed from the foundation of a building, and no harm follow. One by one each stone may be removed, and if a new one is at once put in its place the building will stand firm; but if a stone be removed each day, and nothing substituted for it, soon the whole building falls to the ground. There are multitudes of men and women who are just ready to suffer such a fall. Week after week and month after month they have been destroying the foundations of their physical life, without allowing themselves the recreation of sufficient sleep.

There is no touch so powerful to smooth out wrinkles, to whiten sallow complexions, to darken fading tresses, to flush pallid cheeks, as that of velvet-fingered sleep.—*Mary A. Allen, M. D.*

To pray with all our heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to our voice through Christ and verily do the thing that he pleaseth thereupon, this is the last, the greatest, achievement of the Christian's warfare upon earth.—*Coleridge.*

“We walk by faith, not by sight; and he who insists on sight as better than faith cannot be a walker with God, or a sure walker in God's service. The darkest hour of the night is just before day, and while it is yet dark is the time to look hopefully for the coming light.”

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

[See article on The Koran.]

WHAT is the Koran?

What are the five great acts of religious worship?

Describe forms and beliefs in prayer.

Give facts and beliefs about the Koran.

What is Nemaz and what reward or punishments are connected with it?

Describe the yearly fast.

Where is Mecca and what is believed to be the value of a pilgrimage to it?

What is the black stone?

What is the condition of woman?

How is marriage regarded?

Relate some traditions.

Who will lead people into heaven?

Give resemblances and differences between the Christian and Mohammedan religions.

Subject for discussion: The value of sleep. Should children be awakened in the morning, or allowed to sleep until they wake naturally?

“Learn how to differ with others without giving them just cause for being angry with you.”

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.— *M. Aurelius*.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

At the recent session of the Springfield Q. M. a Woman's Missionary Society was organized, having twenty-four members. The following are the names of the officers: Pres., Mrs. Ellen R. Hunt, North Lincoln; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Drusilla Berry, Lee; Sec. and Treas., Mrs. Mary E. Whitney, Springfield; Agent for MISSIONARY HELPER, Mrs. Julia A. Calwell, Springfield. Much interest was manifested and good results are expected. Saturday evening an excellent public meeting was held. Collection \$2.05. Four Auxiliaries have been organized in the eastern part of the State since the annual meeting last fall, namely, Montville, Prospect and Unity, Springfield, and Houlton.

The Otisfield Q. M. met with the East Otisfield Church, June 3, 4. Wednesday evening was devoted to the public exercises of the Woman's Missionary Society.

After the report of the Secretary was read, a very interesting concert was given by the young people of the Mission band. The selections were appropriate and well rendered. Music good. Collection, \$8.00.

Then followed an excellent sermon on Missions by Rev. D. A. Gamman. The following officers were chosen for the coming year: Pres., Mrs. Sarah Hemp; Sec. and Treas., Mrs. E. H. Abbott. A vote was taken to use the mite boxes the coming year.

MRS. E. H. ABBOTT, *Q. M. Sec.*

Houlton W. M. S. At the last session of the Houlton Q. M. we organized a Women's Missionary Society, with the following officers: Pres., Mrs. W. P. Kinney; Cor. Sec. Mrs. Henry Hall; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Joseph Noble; Treas., Mrs. F. H. Buber; Agent for the MISSIONARY HELPER, Mrs. Edmund Merritt, Houlton, Me.

MRS. W. P. KINNEY.

MICHIGAN.

The W. M. S. of the St. Joseph Valley Y. M. held its seventh annual meeting in connection with the Y. M. held at Batavia, May 29, 1891.

Mrs. E. French was re-elected President ; Mrs. Theo. Cook, Sec. and Treas. ; Mrs. F. W. Pease was elected delegate to the State Association. Since uniting with the Michigan Y. M. W. M. S. last October, our society seems to be more interested in the mission work, and all have a desire to do their share in raising the \$1,500 the State board have planned to raise during the year.

The president explained more fully the work of the State Society, and all joined in praying that the union of these two societies may result in much good, for in union there is strength. In the evening a public meeting was held, with the president in the chair. Mrs. G. C. Jackson and Mrs. Waller conducted the devotional exercises. The treasurer reported amount of receipts for the year, \$198.59.

Mrs. M. J. Coldren, returned missionary from India, then addressed the audience ; while explaining the work at the different stations and answering questions, none could help feeling that there is still a great work to be done in India. Oh, that all may work earnestly while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work !

MRS. THEO. COOK, *Y. M. Sec.*

NEW YORK.

The W. M. S. of the Susquehanna Y. M. met in connection with that body at Warren Centre, Pa., and held an interesting public session, Saturday evening, June 27. After the usual election of officers and other business, papers were read by Mrs. A. W. Gates of Thompson, Pa., and Mrs. J. E. Schnell of Apalachin, N. Y., followed by appropriate recitations and interspersed with good singing. Collection, \$4.80. Much needs to

be done all through this Y. M., as the reports from the Q. M's and Auxiliaries are very meager and discouraging, but with God's help and blessing we hope to make a better showing another year.

JENNIE E. SCHNELL, *Y. M. Sec.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Our Woman's Missionary Society in the Honey Creek, Wis., Q. M. mourns the loss of its president, Mrs. Lizzie S. Titus, who has gone from labor to reward.

Her unselfish life, her zeal in every department of the Master's work, and her social Christian spirit will cause her to be held in loving memory. For the bereaved family we have heartfelt and kindest sympathy, commending them to the loving care of our Heavenly Father, who doth not willingly afflict, and who hath said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

May the influence of her life stimulate us who remain to more earnest diligence and faithfulness in His work.

"She is gone from the earth, our sister beloved,
And gazing through tears, we follow her flight,
As upward and upward, in gladness and glory,
Like a star in the morning, we lose her in light."

R. R. HEWES.

"There is nothing so powerful as example; we set others straight by being straight ourselves."

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Our Young People.

AMONG the many organizations which seek to make the world better, none are more encouraging than those among our young people. In order that these may be most effective, they should seek for a broad outlook upon the world's needs, and for information about the work they do.

It is one thing to vote a sum of money from the treasury, to be used for missions, and another to learn about the mission field for which the work is being done, and intelligently carry a part of the responsibility for that work.

We earnestly urge the A. C. F., C. E., and other young people's societies to secure the Normal Mission Leaflets¹ and use them. We hope that every society purposes to have one meeting per month devoted to the subject of the salvation of the whole race, which is what missions mean. We suggest that these six leaflets be used on alternate months (thus running through a year) in such an interesting way as to lead all present to feel an interest in *our* mission field. A brief review of each lesson might wisely occupy a few moments of the next Monthly Meeting, leaving the remainder of the time for study of other fields and the home work.

A *map* of our field should be owned by each young people's society. Send fifty cents to Rev. A. Given, 457 Shawmut Ave., Boston, and secure one. Have it hung up at each meeting.

We hope that all our Women's Auxiliaries will aid in carrying out this plan, thus laying foundations for future effective missionary work.

¹ The first series will include six leaflets, containing lessons on the geography and history of the decades of the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Field. They should be taught by the aid of the blackboard. Examination papers will be published, and diplomas awarded. They may be ordered of Mrs. Ida E. G. Meader, 14 White St., Pawtucket, R. I.; ten cents for the series of six leaflets. Six sets or more in one order at five cents per set.

A SWEEPER WOMAN.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS :—

As I sat down to write to you a woman came in and began to sweep near me. It is about her that I am going to write to you to-day. She belongs to the very lowest caste called the *mater* or sweeper caste. I called her to me and counted her ornaments. She has two gold ornaments in her nose ; one reaches below her lips. She has three rings in the rim of each ear. She has eight strings of colored beads around her neck and says she has many more at home which she doubtless would have worn had she known that I was going to look at her. On her fingers are seven brass, silver, and iron rings. On each wrist are nine bracelets. Some of them are very large and heavy. Some are of brass, some of iron, and some of hard clay painted with bright colors. They make a great noise when she moves her hands, and of this she is very proud. Over her elbows are three more heavy rings. One of these, she proudly tells me, is silver. Under it I discover a thread to which are attached a tiny silver drum and a pearl button. She says this is a charm to keep off sickness and that there is medicine in the silver drum.

Lastly she has eight rings on her toes. She considers herself quite a belle and was proud to have me look at her ornaments. She began to tell me about the ornaments she had at home, those her son had, and those her mother-in-law took away from her. I had to send her away at last or I should have had no time to write this letter.

This woman is very poor. Her husband gets less than two dollars a month and there are three mouths to feed. Only yesterday she came to me to borrow money. The month is not half gone and they have nothing to eat. In spite of this she tells me that when her husband gets his wages she will buy another nose-jewel and some more bracelets. Her only clothing is a coarse, dirty, orange cloth.

Poor woman ! Her heart is set on the outward adorning, but she knows nothing of the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." She has never heard of the "Pearl of great price." She cannot read, she cannot think of one thing but a few minutes at a time.

Her husband is trying to learn a little about Christianity, but long ages of neglect, poverty, and ignorance have made it very hard for them to learn and harder still for them to remember.

These sweepers do the very lowest and dirtiest work. No other caste will touch them. Many of them live like beasts in in some little mud hovel. They pick up and eat refuse which you would not think fit for the pigs. Are you not glad that you were born in Christian America, and not in India, where a person born a sweeper must live and die one? There is no possibility of their rising ever so little.

In North India many of these sweepers have been converted, but even after they are converted it takes years and years of patient training before they can properly distinguish between right and wrong. Your friend,

CLARA I. BOYER.

Balasore, May 14, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE limited space and the quantity of interesting matter waiting to fill the pages decide us to refer but briefly to "Editorial Wanderings." The Minnesota Yearly Meeting brought together a good representation of the Auxiliaries in the State, and the meeting of Conference was very profitable. Nowhere is there a deeper interest in giving woman's work its rightful place, or in having such organized plans as will secure the best possible results. We believe that the agent's visit will bring these workers into nearer relationship to our general work.

The Wisconsin Y. M. has a band of earnest, efficient women, who are the executive force in the mission work in the State. The presence of their missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Coldren, gave much interest to the meetings. The service rendered by the agent of the W. M. S. was very cordially received. A Sabbath spent at Buffalo brought us in contact with our strong church there, notable for its having a missionary of its own in India and also for being mother to a wide-awake mission-church, to aid which it has just parted with a goodly number of its most active members. The Woman's Convention at Ocean Park has sustained this year its previous reputation for bringing before its audiences the questions of the day, discussed in a fresh, interesting way. The presence of Mrs. D. F. Smith and Mrs. Burkholder (returned missionaries), brought us into helpful contact with the work and needs of the field, and in the Board meetings their information and counsel were of much value. . . . We hope all readers will note the *change of post office* address of the *editor*, as explained on first page. . . . Note especially the call for a *day of prayer* as presented in article "Let us Pray." Let every woman feel an individual responsibility for helping to make that day *such a time of prayer* for our mission as we have never known before. With the aid of the pastor make such a program for the day as seems best, but whatever else is done, *pray, PRAY, PRAY*. We trust that all A. C. F. and other young people's societies will unite actively in the services. . . . In stating the number of people in our India field as 6,000,000 in the last HELPER, the missionary who gave us the figures included outlying districts, not reckoned by those who gave smaller numbers. . . . In the Treasurer's report, in June number, Noble Q. M. collection, reported for Michigan, should have been for *Indiana* instead. . . . Read the story of Durgama in "From the Field," and show it to your neighbors who do not take the HELPER, and ask them if it will not be a *privilege* to help do a work that has such results.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for July, 1891.

MAINE.

Bath "For the women of India,"	\$5 00
Bangor aux.....	2 00
Ellsworth Q. M. aux. Carrie....	3 50
" aux., do.....	50
" Mrs. Asa Burrill do.	1 00
East Livermore aux. F. M.....	1 76
East Otisfield aux. for Bible woman with Mrs. Smith.....	5 82
East Otisfield Children's Bard, girls in Orphanage.....	9 18
East Corinth, Mrs. Mary B. Wingate	17 50
Houlton Q. M.	18 46
Lewiston, Mrs. A. D. Chapman for Harper's Ferry	1 00
Lewiston aux. Main St. Ch., Miss Coombs' sal.....	22 13
Limerick, Mrs. E. D. Jordan Lit. Fund	5 00
North Lebanon aux.....	4 00
Richmond, F. B. ch., Miss Coombs' sal.....	20 00
Springfield, Q. M. Wom. Miss. Steep Falls aux., Mrs. Boothby's sal.	2 05
Steep Falls aux., do.	6 00
Steep Falls aux., do.	5 00
Week's Mills F. M.	7 00
West Peru, Mrs. Hattie Walker and Mrs. Carrie Gammon F.M.	5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord ch.	\$10 50
Gt. Falls aux., Bessie Peckham Sch. with Miss Coombs and on L. M. Mrs. J. C. Lothrop....	10 00
Gilmanton Iron Works, W. M. Soc.	3 50
Manchester, First F. B. Miss. Soc.	2 50
Pembroke, Mary E. Rowe, T.O. Rochester aux., Sch. Balasore \$4 00 Inc. Fund, do	84
Rochester A. C. F., Mrs. Stiles' work	4 20
Stafford Corner aux., Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	1 50
	8 00

VERMONT.

Enosburgh Q. M., Mrs. Smith's sal.....	\$6 00
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Enosburgh ch., do.....	4 00
Hunting ch., do.....	5 60
Huntington Q. M. col. do.	6 00
North Tunbridge ch., do.....	1 00
Starksboro ch., do.	6 40
So. Stafford aux., do.....	7 00
Waterbury ch., do.	4 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone aux., T. O., Mrs. Burlingame \$1 27, Miss H. Phillips \$5 00. Miss Franklin \$5 00	\$11 27
Lowell, S. S. class "Precious Jewels," Chelmsford St. ch. for Ind. Dept. Storer Col.	10 00
North Chelmsford, Mrs. C. A. Holt \$1 00 for yearly membership	5 00
Taunton aux., Miss H. Phillips	5 00
Wellesley, Olive S. Bean, for F. M.....	7 80

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Chas. W. Trescott in memory of Mrs. Julia Trescott for Miss H. Phillips.....	\$1 00
Arlington ch., T. O.	3 61
Auburn ch., Mrs. Burlingame..	2 00
" mite boxes, Miss Phillips.....	7 00
Carolina, col. by Mrs. Burlingame	2 53
Greenville aux., do.	10 00
North Scituate ch., Miss Phillips and Miss Franklin	5 00
Pawtucket, "Willing Workers" and "Little Workers" for support of "Little Jennie" Gen. Fund	30 00
Providence aux., Pond St., Miss Phillips, \$6 25, and Miss Franklin, \$6 25.....	12 50
Providence aux., Greenwich St., Miss Franklin, \$3 25, Mrs. Burlingame, \$3 00	6 25
Providence aux., Greenwich St., T. O., Miss Phillips, \$9 25, and mite boxes, Mrs. Burlingame, \$2 20	11 45

Providence aux., Park St., Mrs. Burlingame, \$5 00, Miss Phillips, \$1 50, West Work, \$1 00, Providence Mission Band, Park St., Miss Franklin	4 00
Providence, Greenwich Street "Cheerful Helpers," Miss Phillips, \$5 75, Mrs. Burlingame, \$3 00, Miss Franklin, \$3 75	12 50
Tiverton ch., Mrs. Burlingame, \$3 80, Miss Hattie Phillips, \$2 70	6 50

INDIANA.

White Co. aux., for F. M.	\$2 50
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ILLINOIS.

Middle Grove, Mrs. E. H. Turner and Wm. Tasker	\$1 00
Tamaroa aux. for F. M.	1 00

MICHIGAN.

Elsie aux. F. M. for Miss Bacheler	\$8 55
Grand Ledge Q. M., do.	2 45
Lansing Q. M., do.	3 35

WISCONSIN.

Honey Creek Q. M., col. by Mrs. Burlingame	\$15 51
Winneconne aux., T. O.	5 11
Winneconne Mission Band T. O.	3 29
Wisconsin Y. M., col. by Mrs. Burlingame	6 73

IOWA.

Central City ch. for Mrs. Miner, Central City A. C. F., do.	\$6 65
Farmington aux., do.	10 00
Knowlton aux., do.	5 00
Liberty Center, aux. for Bala-sore Sch.	5 00
Wilton Junction aux., Mrs. Miner	1 70
Waterloo Q. M. aux., do.	4 60
Wapsipinicon Q. M. aux., do.	3 25

MINNESOTA.

Brooklyn, col. by Mrs. Burlingame	\$0 50
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Blue Earth City, do.	\$3 10
Champlin, do.	2 37
Crystal aux., do.	2 32
Hennepin Q. M., do.	7 85
Janesville, do.	1 31
Minnesota Y. M. for F. M.	2 05
“ “ “ “ col. by Mrs. Burlingame	3 69
Madelia, col. by Mrs. Burlingame	1 75
Winnebago City, do.	5 27
Winona aux., T. O., \$2 17	4 00

KANSAS.

Buffalo Valley aux. for State work	\$1 00
Mt. Pleasant aux. for Home work	6 25
Mt. Pleasant aux. for Home work, Helena with Miss Coombs	6 25
Summit aux., Home work	6 00

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls, ch. for F. M.	\$4 05
“ col. by Mrs. Burlingame, Springdale, do.	7 89
Valley Springs aux., teacher with Miss Coombs	4 40
	14 35

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Stanstead aux., Emily	\$8 00
“ “ A. Libby and children for Sinclair Orphanage	2 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

A friend of Missions	\$2 00
Miss Ella Belyea for Naibouni and Miss Georgina M. Belyea for Kherod, each, \$5 00, both children in Sinclair Orphanage	10 00
For Mrs. McKenney, given from the Western appro. fund	60 00

Total, \$640 74

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

GOOD REPORT FROM RHODE ISLAND.

The Cheerful Helpers of the Greenwich Street F. B. Church of Providence have met six times since April 4, with an average attendance of sixteen persons, and \$2.54 have been received as weekly dues. At the last meeting before the vacation, June

20, the jugs which were given out four weeks before were opened, and \$7.00 received, which with the weekly dues amounted to \$9.54 for the six meetings. The children meet once in two weeks, and have very interesting times. In all of the meetings we have had a parliamentary drill which was very instructive and interesting. For fifteen minutes before the meeting the children have had a simple game. The entertainment committee, consisting of Carrie Briggs and Bertha Allen, have arranged a good program for each meeting.

WM. ANDREW, *Sec.*



FLORAL OFFERINGS.

[A recitation for six girls, each except one wearing a wreath of flowers. Let the last have a bunch of flowers. As each girl finishes reciting her verse, let her place her flowers on a table, one wreath on another so that they will form a pyramid, the bunch of flowers forming an apex. As each girl lays down her flowers let her take her position so that when all have finished, they will stand in a semi-circle, facing the audience. Then let them recite the prayer in concert.]

First.

Here I bring a wreath of flowers,
Sweet and beautiful, like the hours
We in heaven hope to spend,
When our lives on earth shall end.

Second.

In this wreath of flowers, I read
A lesson all of us should heed:

As these flowers must fade and die,
So must you and so must I.

Third.

The flowers I bring are snowy white,
Free from every stain and blight.
As the soul of each must be,
If God's face in peace we see.

Fourth.

I bring a wreath of roses red,
Like the blood that Jesus shed,
That "*whosoever will* may come,"
Find pardon, comfort, rest, and home.

Fifth.

These flowers are yellow, like the gold
Which God has given us for Him to hold.
"We must scatter the gold in the seed-time brief,
That the glory may come with the harvest-sheaf."

Sixth.

I too my floral offering bring,
To show forth praise to God, our King;
And as you on its beauties gaze,
O may you think of that blest place,
Where flowers never more shall fade;
Where God himself shall be the shade;
Where pain and sorrow all are o'er,
And we shall meet to part no more.

All in concert.

Heavenly Father, hear us pray,
And grant us what we ask this day,
That each one here to-day may be
From Satan's power forever free,
May cease for self alone to live:
Heart, soul, and mind to Jesus give,
So that we all in heaven may meet,
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet.

— *The Little Worker.*

